

THE
Anti-Fashionist:
OR,
Comedian's Advocate.

A
POETICAL ESSAY.

Humbly Inscribed to His
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE of WALES.

BY
JOHN HIGHMORE, *Esq.*
Some Time PATENTEE of the *Theatre Royal*
in *Drury-Lane.*

To which is added,
Another (*brief*) ESSAY, on a present *particular* Occasion, the
Publication of which, the Authors of certain daily Papers, thought
proper to decline.

*Ask you at what, in this Attempt, I aim?
'Tis not, believe me, at poetic Fame;
But, as a Lover of theatric Art,
I mean to take its wrong'd Professor's Part,
Defend them 'gainst the causeless Scorn of MODE,
And their Exploder, in Return, explode.
If in plain Sense, I carry this Design,
Say, if you will, there's not one witty Line.*

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SOME TIME PATRONS OF THE THEATRE ROYAL
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LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.





TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
The Prince of *Wales*.

SIR,



THE Distresses I underwent, while a Patentee of the Theatre, occasioned by the injurious and most *ungrateful* Desertion of many of my chief Comedians from my Service, was a Hardship too severe for any Length of Time, *wholly* to free my Mind from the *shocking* Remembrance of. Why I open my Address to your Royal Highness, with this *melancholy* Particular, will, by the Sequel, evidently appear.

While *officious*, busy Fame was *trumpetting* Abroad my aforesaid *undeserv'd* Misfortunes, and my *rebellious* Adversaries cruelly aspersing my *Character*, in order the better to succeed in their *iniquitous* Designs upon my *Property*, it became a prevailing *Fashion* (especially amongst Persons of *upper* Rank, whom BIRTH and EDUCATION, one would *reasonably* think, should have inspired with a more *worthy* Way of thinking) not only to express the highest Transport at the News, but to make the Disasters that beset an *innocent* Sufferer, the Subject of their *inhuman* Mirth and Ridicule. Some few there were, indeed, whose *steady* Generosity would not let them be bore away by the impetuous and *merciless* Tide of tyrannick MODE.

At

DEDICATION.

At the Head of this small, but *noble-spirited* Party, did your Royal Highness, prompted by your innate, and sure *unparalleled* Benevolence, most graciously appear; nay, as a *publick* Token, of your being a *warm* Advocate for my *righteous*, unhappy Cause, were pleas'd to grace my *unfashionable*, and almost *empty-seated* Theatre, with your Royal *reviving* Presence, at the very Juncture too, when the barbarous, *mean* Endeavour to augment the Perplexity of an *inoffensive*, *honest* Man, by encouraging his *abusive*, *fraudulent* Antagonists, was the most in Vogue.

As a Mark, therefore, and, alas! the only one within my *poor* Ability to give, of my *indelible* Gratitude for such *princely* Condescension in my Favour, I judg'd it no less than incumbent on me, to lay at your Royal Feet, the ensuing *well-intended*, however *ill executed*, Performance, of my *unpractis'd* Muse.

But what have I done! being, as hinted in the Preface, but a young Author, and consequently little knowing in the *nice* Rules of DEDICATION, I perhaps, even now, against one of them, transgress, in thus presuming to grace the Front of my Essay, with so *illustrious* a Name, e'er I had, in a *proper* Manner, solicited Permission for it.

But should I find myself accus'd as *culpable*, in that Particular, I should, however, have the Consolation of thinking, that as the Commission of so *unwarrantable* a *Freedom*, proceeded from my Obedience to the Dictates, the *pressing* Dictates, of that *sacred* and *adorable* Virtue, call'd GRATITUDE; so a Prince, who has already vouchsaf'd me such convincing Proofs of a most *generous* Turn of Mind, cannot but look on the Offence as *venial*, and consequently grant the *Grace-entreating* Criminal, a full and ample Pardon.

With this comfortable, this *exhilarating* Reflection, I have the Honour to subscribe myself,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most obliged,


Grateful, devoted,

And obedient Servant,

John Highmore.



P R E F A C E.

 T will probably be look'd upon, at first Appearance, as somewhat odd that an Author should write, in his TREATISE, as a *warm* Advocate for a Vocation, many of whose Professors, he, in his DEDICATION, had represented as most *ungenerously* criminal.

But this *seeming* Absurdity will, by a very little Consideration, be perfectly cleared up : For what more *honourable* Profession is there, than the Military ? And yet whether a certain *dishonourable* Exit out of this transitory World, is not *deservedly* made, by as many of those, who roll under the *Martial* List, as by the Followers of any other Employment, I leave to the most *exact* Observers of the *Fate* of Mankind, to determine ; who, I am persuaded, will give their Opinion in the *Affirmative*. To imagine, therefore, a Profession in *general*, may merit the *highest* Encomiums, while *particular* Members of it, deserve, by the *Infamy* of their Actions, to be represented as *scandalous*, will, I presume, be allowed a Notion, by no means *inconsistent*.

To conclude : The Author, tho' pretty far advanced in the Years of MIDDLE AGE, is, however, but little past his INFANCY, as a Votary of the MUSES ; which Consideration, it is hop'd, will incline the Reader to wink at all Imperfections in the following Essay. But in one Line, at least, thereof, a *petitionary* Hint, on that Head, will be found inserted, which cannot but prove sufficient to procure the *Indulgence* of the GENEROUS ; and with the UNGENEROUS, Entreaties for *Favour*, oftner excite *Severity*, than obtain *Candour*. Here, therefore, already close we all *prefatory* Supplication.



E R R A T A.

Page 17, Line 9, instead of,

What PARSON, be his *Living* ne'r so great,
Read, What P---ST, of *Dignity*, tho' ne'r so great,

Page *ibid*, Line 20, instead of *For*, read *At*.

Page 18, Line 12, instead of *their*, read *his*.

Page 20, Line 4, instead of *undoubted*, read *apparent*.

Page 22, Line 1, instead of *Chamer*, read CHARMER.

Page 24, Line 27, instead of *Buskin* Brothers, read *Buskin'd* Brothers.

If still *more* FAULTS there be, as be there may,

Such READERS, *who know how*, correct 'em, pray ;

For, to *Perfection*, I Pretence have none.

Wou'd every BARD, *as bad, as much* wou'd own.





THE
Anti-Fashionist:
O R,
Comedian's Advocate.



ET those, the GOD of WIT *invoke*, who write,
But for the *Vanity* of seeming *bright*,
While *moral*, *edifying* SENSE, of you,
I, *Inspiration* ask, with *different* View ;
And, if you ever have assisted MUSE,
To *mine*, that Bounty, you can ne'r refuse ;
For DRAMA 'tis, of all your KIN, most *near*,
In whose Defence I *venture* to appear.

Long the Professors of th' *instructive* Scene,
Of *senseless* FASHION the *Contempt* have been ;
Nor in this *worthless* Age, can MERIT know,
Than *senseless* Fashion, a more *pow'rful* Foe :

Her

Her *vassal* Legions, *without* Number are,
 And, like a *Torrent*, all before 'em bear ;
 As well as numberless, they're *cruel* too,
 Nor Quarter give, to any they *pursue* :
 Men, whose Deservings, *eminent* are seen,
 The VICTIMS are of their *ungenerous* Spleen :
 The *tender* Part they strike, is *Reputation*,
 And those who merit *most* our Commendation,
 They stab with their *severest* Defamation:
Sense, Learning, Publick-Spirit, Patriot-Zeal,
 Of Course, the *rankest* of their *Slander* feel.
 All too, who plead as Favourers of those,
 Whom thus for *Persecution*, MODE has chose,
 Instant incurring her *revengeful* Hate,
 Meet with the like *Barbarity* of Fate.
 Whoe'r, her *Enmity*, wou'd 'scape, in fine,
 Exploding VIRTUE, must her FOLLOWERS join ;
 But if grown *penitent*, they're found to aim
Again at former commendable Fame,
 To *double* Wrath they'll raise the *Tyrant's* Spirit,
 And doubly suffer for *relapsing* Merit.
 Such is the FASHION of the *present* Age,
 The Foe *immoral* of the *moral* Stage.

Thus having painted FASHION's Character,
 DRAMA's *Defence*, no longer we'll defer ;
 Quick then, my Muse, to that *main* Point proceed,
 Entreating *Critics* will with *Candour* read.

Let,

Let, if he can, the *MODE-adoring* Fool,
 E'r Men whom I *revere*, he *ridicule*,
 Tell me what *CALLINGS*, than the Play'r's, require
 Embellishments more *numerous*, or *higher* ;
 Or what *VOCATIONS*, in their *Dealings* be,
 From Practices *dishonest* half so free.
 To prove these *Challenges*, not *idly* made,
 In their Support, observe what's to be said.

Yet, hold----E'r I the Qualities set down,
 That shou'd an Actor's Reputation crown,
 Indulgence give me for a Word or two,
 To mark what Faults, he chiefly shou'd eschew.

Rough, *boisterous* Gestures, and *distorted* Features,
 That seem to change to *FURIES*, *human* Creatures ;
Discordant Rants, *unnaturally* loud,
 Shocking to *Sense*, tho' pleasing to the CROWD ;
 With many *Improprieties* besides,
 Which *Shakespear's* *HAMLET* *properly* derides,
 Shou'd he avoid, as *Blemishes* that mar
 A *true* Comedian's *brilliant* Character.
 E'r Leave of this Particular I take,

A Pray'r for *injur'd* DRAMA let me make.

' Soon, with Professors *amply* qualify'd,

' O, may she *competently* be supply'd !

' That Entertainments, far the *most* refin'd,

' Which ever were by *human* Wit design'd,

- ' No more disgrac'd, *with Pain*, we may behold,
 ' By Wretches form'd of Nature's *coarcest* Mould!
 ' Slaves, who appear, in *Person* and in *Mind*,
 ' The Refuse of the *Refuse* of Mankind!
 ' And seem for *bedging*, or for *ditching* meant,
 ' Rather than *well-writ* Scenes to represent.
 ' In fine, that *only* the *Genteely bred*,
 ' May be, henceforth, *allow'd* the Stage to tread,
 ' Deservedly receiving for their Pains,
 ' What each above describ'd *gross* SAVAGE gains;
 ' Which happy might, wou'd they the Wages *take*,
 ' Men of *politest Education*, make,
 ' Who rather *starving*, *all Support decline*,
 ' Than in the Scene, such *vile Disgracers* join.
 ' The *much, much wanted* Rules, for which I've pray'd,
 ' Soon may we see for DRAMA'S *Honour* made!

But, *beyond Cause*, as I wou'd not bemoan
 The Stage's *present* State, this Truth I'll own;
 Some to the *edifying* Art, tho Few,
 There are, 'tis plainly seen, who Justice do.

Be easy *Garrick*, and be easy *Quin*,
 Each, as an Instance, *certain* to come in;
 And, tho' Performer good, if *Giffard* we
 Do not the THIRD, in his Profession see,
 Let him a *higher* Panegyrick find,
 Due to the Merit of his *worthy* Mind;

Worth,

Worth, which by *me*, shall *ever* be confess'd,
 Worth, which my *own Experience* can attest.

Let too, *Delane*, who, when first he try'd
Theatric Art, had FASHION on his Side,
 Tho' *ev'n* of Notice, now, *unworthy* deem'd,
 Because by *fickle Fashion* *disesteem'd* ;
 Let him, I say, *deserv'd* Applauses meet,
 Tho' not, perhaps, in *every Point*, *complete* :
 While the *weak* Herd of FASHIONISTS despise,
 Let him *advance in Credit* with the WISE.

Of their Defects, tho' *modish* PARROTS talk,
 We neither RYAN will, nor *Mecklin* baulk,
 But own, each *serviceable*, in his † WALK,
 While *double Praise*, *deserving* * *Havard* shares
 Rank'd with *ingenious* BARDS, and *useful* PLAY'RS.
Hale, *Chapman*, *Cashel*, *Hippisley*, and *Blake*,
 Let's own too, Actors, of *Distinction*, make.

But, *worthy Note*, there's yet a *numerous* Tribe,
 (If *truely* they their own *Desert* describe)
 With *senseless* Roar, the Theatre who fill,
 And as they've *Lungs*, conceive *no want of Skill* ;
 Then, flatter'd by an *undiscerning* Mind,
 In *Gallery-Shouts*, Contentment *ample* find ;
 Elate with which, themselves they *able* call
 As e'r a *Quin*, or *Garrick* of 'em all ;

Happy

† To the *Learned* in the DRAMA, this Term needs no Explanation.

* The *modest* Author of certain *well-receiv'd* dramatic Compositions.

Happy in thinking they're *without* a *Fault*,
 Tho', by the **KNOWING**, *execrable* thought.
 These, as they're not the **HEROES** of my *Lays*,
 Will, I suspect, in *Wrath*, each Line *dispraise*;
 Nay more, their *Choler*, if a-right I guess,
 Hurling *vengeful* Scandal from the **PRESS**,
 Will brand, with *Scribler's* Name, the *partial* Bard,
 Who *praising* **MERIT**, did not **THEIRS** regard.
 But, as *all* Men's good *Word*, there's none can have,
 Under their Censure, *patient* I'll behave,
 With *Comfort* judging, what *such* Authors write,
 Must *pointless* be, however rank with *Spight*.
 Of *Men*, whose Number is so very great,
CAUTION may say, 'tis *dangerous*, thus to *praise*;
 But **TRUTH**, *incapable* of **FEAR**, is bold,
 Nor *meanly* will, by *Danger*, be *controul'd*.
Justice severe, in short, my *Guide* I make,
 Resolv'd her *Dictates*, never to forsake;
 And, as to Rule so *rigid*, I pretend,
 Those only must, who *Praise* deserve, commend.
 While **ACTORS**, then, who have no *Right* to **FAME**
Outrageous are, I them *forbear* to name,
Serenely, I'll endure the *senseless* Blame.

Proceed we now, *Embellishments* to count,
 Which to a *finish'd* Actor's *Sum* amount.

A Form *proportion'd*, and a *manly* Mien,
 Shou'd, first, be his, who wou'd adorn the Scene :
 Next, Speech *correct*, and *graceful* Air must shew
 Th' Effect of *Schools*, and *Academies* too :
 A Voice *harmonious*, *changeable*, and *sweet*,
 Like that of *Booth*, Tragedian, once, *compleat*,
 These *rare* Ingredients, must not fail to meet :
 A *meaning* Look, with ACTION's *proper* Choice,
 Shou'd be no less *expressive*, than the *Voice*.
Denoyer's Art, shou'd added be to these,
 To *move* with *Freedom*, and *salute* with *Ease*,
 Like *Gentlemen*, each other to address,
 And *Elegance* of Breeding to express;
 Thro' want of which, too oft our *modern* Play'rs
 Discover PLOW-MEN's *unembellish'd* Airs,
 Enter, behave in, and avoid a Room,
 Like *rough-hewn* PORTER, or *unpolish'd* GROOM ;
 And when, *poor* Men, they mean to bow, with *Grace*,
 Their Heads seem aim'd, to *hit you in the Face*.
 Besides these *pleasing* *Elegancies* shown,
 Which he that acts the GENTLEMAN shou'd own,
 There Talents *various* are, unmention'd still,
 Requir'd, the Scene *theatrical* to fill,
 Wherewith the *different* Characters to top
 Of CUCKOLD, *ill-bred* CLOWN, and *modish* FOP,

RAKE, Country-'SQUIRE ; all which, with many more,
 Shou'd, *indispensably*, I say, be wore
 By those, who, *farcical* Renown, explore.
 Nor by them, must they be *possess'd*, alone,
 But to *improve* 'em too, shou'd Care be shown ;
 Nay, such a *warm* Ambition to excel,
 Ought, in their Breasts, *incessantly* to dwell,
 As shou'd excite, instead of *idle* Joy,
 Each *precious* Hour, in *Practice* to employ ;
 Of which, too many, I, with *Grief* ! must say,
 I've known, in *Sottishness*, so thrown away,
 That a *bright* Genius seen at *Twenty-one*,
 Has *worse*, and *worse* most *regularly* grown,
 Till when he, thrice ten Years, cou'd call his Age,
 He was just able--- to *disgrace* the Stage ;
 Whereas, had he in *Study* persever'd,
 From the first Day, a Genius he appear'd,
Fame, he, in few Years more, might have secur'd,
 That *deathless* had, like *Betterton's* endur'd.

But be it yet observ'd, *theatric* Art,
 Of Actor *finish'd*, makes, alone, a Part ;
 And none appear a *perfect* Master can,
 Without Acquaintance, competent with MAN ;
 For how shou'd he, MAN's *various* Manners show,
 The *World*, who does not *competently* know ?

Talents, in short, so *excellent* and *rare*,
 Are *necessary* to *compleat* a *Play'r*,
 As even *PEERAGE* might be *proud* to wear ;
 And to the Men, such *Excellence*, who own,
 Scorn, sure, as they were *GROOMS*, thou'd not be shown.

Some may observe, tho' I've nam'd *Graces* fit
 For the *sublimest* Personages, yet
 When serving to bedeck a *venal* *Play'r*,
 They *worthy* our *Esteem* no longer are ;
 For let *PLAY'RS* be *accomplish'd* as they will,
 Their *CALLING's* *base*, and they are *PLAYERS* still.
 But *base*, by whose *Decree's* their *CALLING* made ?
 Why-- *senseless* *MODE's*, (as I before have said)
 Yet let that *Idiot*, whom the please *despise*,
 A *FOOL's* *Example* never rules the *WISE*,
 Who well *examine*, e'r they *Judgment* make,
 Nor aught on *Trust*, *unaw'd* by *FASHION*, take.
 Be then, like *theirs*, our *Judgment* *justly* made,
 And let us *try*, e'r we *condemn* the *Trade* ;
 So shall we find, instead of *Disregard*,
Respect is the *Comedian's* *true* *Reward*.

That the Profession's *honest*, *Proof* to make,
 'Tis now, I proper think, to undertake.

Theatric *Advertisements* read, you'll know
 The *Entertainment*, to it e'r you go.

If by such *public* Notice, it is seen,
 Sir *Novelty's* to fill the *gawdy* Scene;
Coxcombs, who all their *Excellence* express,
 In the *gay Nonsense* of *fantastic Dress*,
 Need not *appear*, where they must seem the *Fools*,
 Whom the COMEDIAN *justly ridicules* :
 If a *true Master* of *theatric Art*,
 Is to excel in *base Iago's Part*,
 And *Ch-rtr-s* car'd not, were he out of's Grave,
 To see himself, his *Half Crown*, he might save :
 If *London-CUCKOLDS*, is to be the *Play*,
 Why-- *plodding, frugal CITS* may stay away,
 Rather than *Eighteen-pence*, on Scenes bestow,
 Which their *cornuted Brethren's Weakness* show :
 To *Britain*, shou'd an *Embassy* be sent
 From *false Iberia*, with a *base Intent*,
 By *treacherous Peace*, our State to *circumvent*,
 The *Legate* from the *Theatre* may keep,
 Where *Gundamor* must make the *Audience weep* ;
Infernal Gundamor! to whom we owe
Thrice honour'd Raleigh's fatal Overthrow!
 If, with no less *pernicious View*, it chance,
 A *Plenipo* that comes from *subtle France*,
 Shou'd find the *Play*, wou'd, to *Remembrance*, bring
 How our *Fifth Harry* serv'd his *Nation's King*,

The

The Scenes he may avoid, that *justly* show
Once *Britain's* Glory, and once *Gallia's* Woe.

Thus the *Comedian's* Customers know all,
What they're to pay for, e'r they pay at all ;
And name me, if you can, another *Trade*
From which such *konest* Dealing can be had.

The *three* PROFESSIONS, that we *learned* stile,
Or, I am much mistaken, have their Guile :
What PARSON, be his *Living* ne'r so great,
By *Doctrin* f--se, his Hearers will not ch--t ?
What PLEADER thinks, * *Deceiving's* a *Disgrace*,
Or *Cause* refuses, that he knows, is b-se ?
A *Fee* refund, pray what PHYSITIAN will,
Tho' stead of *curing*, he, his Patient, k-ll ?
By *mercantile* Deceit, the MERCHANT gets,
And undetected, *Bubble-buyers* out-wits.
Look *lower* down, see every *meaner* Trade,
By Fraud *mechanic*, have great Fortunes made :
What MASON, let the *tricking* Knave alone,
For *Marble's* real *Price*, won't charge you *Stone* ?
What *sharping* BRICKLAY'R, will not make you pay
For a *Week's* Work, when he work'd *scarce* a *Day* ;
Then swear too, by his *Trowel* and his *Hodd*,
He by you got *scarce* *Six-pence* in a *Rod* ?

E

What

* The Author is not insensible, that the *Generality* of Remarkers, in *this* Case, would have made Use of a *certain* other Term ; but when there are *two* Words, that pretty near express the *same* Meaning, his good *Breeding* and *Humanity*, ever prompt him to make Choice of that which is *the more mannerly*, and, consequently, the less *shocking*.

What CARPENTER, who, for a *slender* *Foice*,
 Won't *choose* you of a *Beam's* much *larger* *Price* ?
 Or *canting* JOINER, feigning *honest* *Zeal*,
 Not *Wainscot* write in's *Bill*, instead of *Deal* ?
 These *Queries all*, most *feelingly* I've made,
 For much I've built, and much these *Bites o'erpaid*.
 'Mongst those, for *better* *Fare*, in *vain*, you'll strive,
 Their *Bus'ness*, who, by *Pound* and *Pottle* drive :
 What *GROCER* gains not by *dishonest* *Sales*,
 With *Heart* as *fraudulent*, as *false* his *Scales* ?
 What *Purse-proud* VINTNER wou'd abound in *Treasure*,
 Wou'd honest *Furies* often try their *Measure* ?
 He too, who *vends*, *COMMODITIES*, by *YARDS*,
 You'll find as *little* *PROBITY* regards,
 That, felling for a *Shilling*, which he bought
 For *Pence* but *three*, of *Course*, not worth a *Groat*.
 Why don't we *these*, instead of *Players* blame ?
 Why---These to *cheat*, from *FASHION* *Licence* claim.

Some of the *Stage-Fraternity*, 'tis true,
 The wicked *Ways* of *Profligates* pursue ;
 But *whole Communities* shou'd ne'r be thought
Shameful, because a *Part alone's* in fault :
 Bad as some *PLAY'RS*, some *Cl--g---n* we see,
 Yet still the *C---ch* is held in *Sanctity* :
FASHION herself, with *all* her *Faults*, we find,
 The *sacred* *T---PLE* to *revere* inclin'd.

And

And since that h----ow'd Place, the h--ly F-ne
 Happens to fall within my *humble* Strain,
 O ! let me wish, *Instruction* to convey,
 It had the THEATRE's *engaging* Way ;
 Then *grave D-v-nes*, who *Cure of Souls* pretend,
 Might boast, *indeed*, the *Consciences they mend*.

Farther *my* Arguments for *Actors* mind,
 Farther *their* Title to *Respect* you'll find.

In the *recording* Page of HISTORY,
 MONARCHS themselves we *evidently* see,
 Men who have shone in Play'r's, *now*, *slighted* Trade,
 Their *most admir'd* Companions often made :
 With *Philip's* Son, for *Victory* rever'd,
 In no *small* Favour, *Theſſalus* appear'd :
 With *great Domitian* of *despotic* Fame,
 Paris, awhile, in Favour too, became,
 At least, was *well*, with his *imperial* DAME.
 The *Eloquent* and *Learn'd*, as well as *Great*,
 On Worth *dramatic*, *equal* Value sat :
Demosthenes, much *Satyrus* esteem'd,
 And *Tully*, *Roscus* no less *worthy* deem'd.
 More Instances still *numberless* there are,
 Of the like *Honour*, paid a *shining* Play'r,
 Which, shou'd I name, the *Catalogue* wou'd rise,
 'Stead of a *Pamphlet's*, to a *Volume's* Size.
 If, then, to *Benefits*, we must allow
 That *Precedents*, *unquestion'd* Title show,

Who

Who will deny, Comedians *justly* claim
 Regard, when risen to *uncommon* Fame?
 By whom, I say, if *Reason* be his *Guide*,
 Will it, for *Truth* *undoubted*, be deny'd,
 That *Quin*, and *Garrick*, in the *present* Age,
 Shou'd be *esteem'd*, as *Leaders* on the *Stage*?
 Or that the *Laureat's* *true theatric* Heir,
 Respect, *proportion'd* to his *Skill* shou'd share?
 (For tho' He, as a *Rebel*, was *my* *Foe*,
 Him, as an *Actor*, let me *Justice* do)

Now, of the *FAIR*, for *further reasoning's* *Sake*,
 Some *Queries* too, we'll *pertinently* make.

When * *Oldfield* (of whose *very* Name, the Sound,
 This Instant makes my Heart, with *Rapture* bound!)
 In *histrional* Graces, *lovely* bright,
 Grew every *fair* *PATRICIAN's* *chief* Delight,
 Who will deny *such* Honour was her *Right*?
 Who say, the most *Illustrious* were in fault,
 When they her *elegant* Acquaintance fought?
 Or who, that † *CARLOS*, *MARS's* *favourite* Son,
 By her *Enchantment*, was not *wisely* won?

Or

* The Author had the *inexpressible* Delight to play, as a *VOLUNTEER*, the Scenes betwixt *Calista* and *Lothario*, in *Row's Fair Penitent*, with this *inimitable*, this *most captivating* *Aetress*! who, soon after proving that she was *mortal* (which he, *before*, not a little doubted of) deprived him, to his *incurable* Affliction, of all Chance ever to repeat with her that *unutterable* Transport. This Annotation it may, probably, be observed, is, by *no means*, *necessary*; whoever, therefore, shall find himself inclin'd so to remark, is *earnestly* intreated, to bear with the Insertion of it; the Veneration which the *enamour'd* *BARD* still retains for the Memory of that *graceful*, *dramatic* *Prodigy*, not permitting him to mention her *adorable* Name, without *redundantly* expatiating on her *never-to-be-forgotten* Charms.

† A General of *uncommon* Gallantry, and, in all Respects, an *additional* Honour, to his *honourable* Profession.

Or who'll disown, that *Booth*, who every *Grace*
 Of *Speech*, of *Action*, or *alluring Face*,
 Display'd, while on the Stage she held a *Place* ;
 And when that Place, she proper thought to leave,
 Made every Man of *Taste*, her Absence grieve ;
 Or that the *tuneful, joy-creating Clive*,
 Who *Admiration*, ever keeps alive ;
 Or *Horton*, always, in *Perfection*, seen,
 Be it to play, a *Courtezan*, or *Queen* ;
 Or skilful * *Butler, Vincent, Mills*, and * *Prichard*,
 Or *genteel, easy, and engaging Giffard* ;
 Or *Cibber*, doubly captivating born,
 Who *tragic* can, or *comic* Scene, adorn,
 Shou'd all, when *off* the Stage, *Respect* receive,
 Earn'd by the *Pleasure*, which *thereon* they give ?
 Or that *fair Woffington*, whose *brilliant* Spirit
 Exhibits in her Parts *unbounded* Merit,
 Deserves, *far more*, to be a MONARCH's Toast,
 Than PEERESS *vain*, who *Birth alone* can boast ?
 But do not me, for *sacred JUSTICE*' Sake !
 An Enemy to *high-born BEAUTY* take ;
 For those, I own, who're *courteous* with *their Birth*,
 A *Brimmer* may, like *Woffington*, be worth,

F

While

* * Two unkind Deferters from the Author's Service, at the Time of his Distresses,
 hinted at in the *Dedication*.

The *Deed*, tho' *foul*, yet are the *Doers, fair*,
 And, of *Forgiveness full*, need not despair ;
 The *injur'd Man's gallant*, so cannot fail
 Freely to pardon CRIMINALS *female*.

While the *proud Chamer*, tho' an *Empress* born,
 With all her *Birth*, and *Beauty*, merits *Scorn* ;
 And scorn her will, each *wise Man*, in his *Heart*,
 Howe'r *Contempt*, he colours o'er, *with Art*.

Nay, now, my *Muse*, you from the *Subject* go,
 Too plain a *Symptom*, that you *weary* grow ;
 Adjourn, awhile then, your *theatric Lay*,
 Which, when *repos'd*, resume *another Day*.



T H E L A T E
S P E E C H

O F

Mr. *BAWL-WELL TELL-TRUTH*,

Chief *Recruiting* Serjeant to the *New-rais'd Theatric*
Forces, now canton'd in the District of LINCOLN, under
the Command of that *Experienc'd*, and *Worthy* Leader, Ge-
neral GIFFARD.

BY DRAMA sent, good People, I appear,
Ye Sons of VIVITUR INGENIO, hear.

Has any *buskin'd* Brother *faithful* serv'd,
And, of his *present* Ruler, *well-deserv'd* ;
Yet ill-requited for such Service been,
Let him repair, *forthwith*, to LINCOLN'S INN ;
Where Bargain may, for *handsome* Pay, be made,
And *with a Certainty*, of being paid.

Has any BARD, *dramatic* Piece of Wit,
And, *justly*, fears he shou'd *elsewhere* be bit ;
To GIFFARD let such *Bard* himself address,
Nor doubt the Work will meet *desir'd* Success ;
For *Play* to cast, Few ever better knew,
Or better to *reward* the *Author* too.

Have DANCERS, to afford *luxurious* Pride,
For *bad* Pay-masters, *cutting Capers* try'd,
Till they have nothing left to *cut* beside ;
And fain wou'd dance, where *better* they'd succeed,
To GIFFARD, at *one Caper*, let 'em *speed*.

Do MERCERS, LACE-MEN, TAYLORS *weary* grow
Of *Trust*, where Customers till' *Doom's Day*, owe ;

Do

Do *post-pon'd*, *half-starv'd* CANDLE-SNUFFERS tire,
 With serving too, such Masters, *without Hire* ;
 And care not with them, longer to remain,
 To GIFFARD let 'em go, they'll ne'r complain ;
 For *Conduct*, join'd with *strictest* PROBITY,
 In that *deserving* General we see.

Ask him, if doubt you make of what I've said,
 Who the *Battalia*, once, of DRURY led,
 (To whom, e'r he, from that Command, remov'd,
 The *worthy* Man, a Help-mate *trusty* prov'd)
 And he will tell you, nay, and prove it too,
 That 'TRUTH herself than GIFFARD's not more true,
 ' Whose *scarce-heard Whisper*, he *as safe* did find,
 ' As BOND; by *Witnesses Ten Thousand sign'd* ;
 ' And that, with all this *Honesty* of Heart,
 ' He to *Perfection* had, the skilful Part.'

O Friends ! what different Character's this same,
 From that of *other* Generals, I cou'd name.

Brief let me be, for it is Time to go ;
 In short, good People then, you are to know
 If *Bard* or *Actor*, who can *Skill* display,
 Will *write* for GIFFARD, or for GIFFARD *play* ;
 Or any else, with proper Talents born,
 Will GIFFARD's Scenes *theatrical* adorn,
 Now go with me, to LINCOLN'S INN, he may,
 And there, *forthwith*, be enter'd upon Pay.

God save Queen DRAMA !---*Buskin* Brothers, come,
 Mean while beat you, the March *theatric*, DRUM.

F I N I S.



